

MAKE IT 5 CENTS PER PHONE CALL IN GREATER CITY!

Zone Plan Works Unfairly to
Those Outside an Imaginary
Measured Line.

PROFITS JUSTIFY CUT.

Net Earnings of Monopoly
Now 17.4 Per Cent. on
Original Investment.

There is no particular rate of compensation which must in all cases and in all parts of the country be regarded as sufficient for capital invested in business enterprises—under the circumstances the court held that a rate for gas which would permit a return of 6 per cent. would be enough to avoid the charge of confiscation, and for the reason that a return of such an amount was the return ordinarily obtained on investments of that degree of safety in New York City. We concur with the court below on this question and think the Consolidated Gas Company is entitled to 6 per cent. on the fair value of its properties devoted to the public use.

Decision of the United States Supreme Court upholding the 5-cent gas rate.

Yet in the face of this ruling of the United States Supreme Court that 6 per cent. is the return "ordinarily sought and obtained on New York City investments," the New York Telephone Company takes down 17.4 per cent. annually upon its plant investment in New York City, and balks at the suggestion of a cut of telephone rates within the greater city.

Goaded by a bill introduced in the Legislature by a Brooklyn Assemblyman which calls for a universal five-cent telephone rate for the boroughs of the city, the New York Telephone Company has announced a reduction in toll rates for the metropolitan district which approximates 600,000 a year.

This step to the public is only a very small slice of the great meal on that the company takes every year upon its plant investment within the greater city, and the great majority do not participate in this morsel which falls to the Zanzibar public from the heaped over table of the telephone monopoly.

In return to the Public Service Commission the Second District of the New York Telephone Company claims that its return upon its investment in New York City is only 8.7 per cent. To arrive at this figure the company includes:

Special franchise.....\$20,000,000
Going concern, value of.....10,000,000
Reproduction, 30 per cent.....9,000,000

IT MEANS PADDING COST OF A PLANT.

"Going concern value" is a vague and indefinite phrase. It might mean expenditures in obtaining experience, making tests or maintaining operating, no one connected with the telephone company has been able to explain what it does mean. The fact is, the phrase is a way of padding the cost of a plant. Like the value of 20 per cent. for the reproduction of the plant.

With respect to the inclusion of \$20,000,000 in the cost of the plant under the rule of special franchise it amounts to adding the public to pay that sum to the company because the public has given the company the right to occupy the public streets with its wires and construction work.

No evidence has been put before the Commission that the company ever paid the city one cent for its franchise, which the company now values at \$20,000,000 in order to convince the public that it cannot afford to make a proper and right reduction of telephone rates within the greater city.

NET EARNINGS OF THE COMPANY 17.4 PER CENT.

The Evening World presented the facts of the claims of the telephone company with respect to its plant cost to a Public Service expert, who immediately crossed off the three items named. This left the plant cost at \$10,000,000 instead of \$20,000,000. The net earnings of the company for the year when the company filed its plant cost, 1910, were \$10,737,000, which will be 17.4 per cent. upon the original plant investment. Besides all of these figures are those of the company, for the Commission has not seen fit to appraise the physical value of the properties of the telephone company as was done by the First District Commission with the Consolidated Gas Company, the B. R. T. and the Metropolitan and Third Avenue Railway Companies.

Outside the five-cent zone area—part of Manhattan and a section of Brooklyn—the cost of sending a telephone message ranges from 10 cents to 20 cents. Five cents is the unit. The telephone people are putting up the same fight as the traction people did before the latter were forced to admit that New York was one great city and not a series of little cities. They will keep the city cut up into zones just as long as they are permitted to do so. The Evening World has long led in the fight for a five-cent telephone rate all over the city, just as it has always led in the contention for a universal five-cent fare to Coney Island and other points within the city.

Line With Broken Shaft In.
The Grosser Kurfuert, which broke her port crank shaft off the Banks Jan. 10, arrived yesterday, only three days later, from Bremen. The day after the accident one of the lifeboats was swept away by a wave and damage was done about the decks. The Grosser Kurfuert was to have sailed Thursday on a West Indian cruise with 300 tourists. Her booking has been cancelled. She will go to a dry dock for repairs.

Building of the Home As a Matter of Economy

Treasurer of Real Estate
Exchange of Long Island
Describes the New Im-
portance of Good Roads
in the Persistent Expan-
sion of Site Seekers.

BY D. MAJER M'LAUGHLIN.

Highways as well as rapid transit lines are assuming larger importance in the considerations of home builders. Those who seek sites would do well from an economic standpoint to study the road system not only of the immediate locality but also of all the tributary territory. While the rapid transit lines may open wide sections and force population into certain sections of country in general, the development and character of the road system is apt to exert notable influence over local residential land values.

Developers of extensive acreage are founding many operations now upon good roads. The main cause of the new movement, naturally, is the wider use of automobiles and the increasing tendency of families that can afford such things to abandon city houses for all-year homes in the suburbs or outlying country. This is spreading a high class of population all around all of the railroad stations within a radius of one hundred miles from Manhattan. Large estates are taking the places of old farms from three to five miles from the nearest railroad. Land values there are assuming new values not in their relation of nearness to the metropolitan business centers, but in proportion to their desirability of location on highways leading from the various outside railroad stations.

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DUAL TRANSIT STIRS HOME BUILDERS TO NEW OUTWARD SWEEP.

Rapid transit operations are taking new prominence along the outlying lines of the proposed dual system. Flat buildings are spreading outward from old city centers and dwelling builders are going into the further sections. With the coming of spring lively booms are promised in many localities. Heavy trading and a rush of improvement plans are looked for with the final signing of subway contracts.

J. Calvin McKnight said to-day that much new activity is appearing through the Long Island territory to be opened by the dual lines. It is spreading also through North Shore districts traversed by the Long Island Railroad. Record-breaking home-building projects are in preparation.

Flushing wants the Corona extension of the dual subway system continued to its own section. The Business Men's Association of that place completed a tentative plan to-day and will consult with the Public Service Commission next week.

Here are some of the choice verses that were sung last Wednesday night at the annual banquet of the Real Estate Exchange of Long Island at the Hotel McAlpin:

John Paris belle please me,
He takes Kissena in his tea,
And when he sells a lot or more
He splits the tea leaves on the floor.

Tim Woodruff knows what is the best,
He wears a calm and peaceful vest,
And when Jamaica starts to whoop
He rests his elbow in his soup.

Joe Day is one we highly prize,
He never likes to advertise,
But when he starts to have a sale
He squirts tobacco in his ale.

Sam Kichen boasts his fifty-four,
He Heins can boast of three kinds
And so our jealous pioneer
Takes bold Heinz pickles in his beer.

McLaughlin sold a lot of land,
But how we all can understand,
It is because he takes such care
To rub his salad in his hair.

James Frank, he is very proud,
He eats spaghetti long and loud,
And when he gobbles down a peck
He winds the balance round his neck.

Queens Land and Title Company sold plots at Massapequa, L. I., this week to A. D. Cowles, E. Blomquist, F. Nordberg, J. Karlson, W. L. Bradford.

Mountain Lakes has 600 workmen as a permanent force for improvements. They are laying gas mains to all parts of the tract and completing many miles of roads.

Stormfeltz-Loveley-Keville Company sold a house at Interlaken, N. J., this week to Frank B. Conover and large site to W. Y. Dear. Houses are under construction there for Henry III and A. B. Dias of Newark.

hadn't lost anything.

"Look in your pockets," said the stocky man, who was none other than Detective Cassara.

Mr. Meighan looked in his pockets and discovered that his wallet, containing many private papers and \$10 in money was missing. The detective handed it to him. He had found it in the street at the feet of one of the two men who had been yanked off the car.

Cassara introduced himself and his late partner, Detective McKenna, and asked Mr. Meighan if he could spare the time to go to Police Headquarters and file the police court. Mr. Meighan could. And after he appeared as complainant against Herman Bernstein, Sam Cohen and Harry Neyserson, the three men who had jostled him in the car.

COFFIN AND HEARSE AT
PET DOG FUNERAL.

Doris, Favorite in H. G. Pagni
Family, Will Be Buried in Reg-
ular Grave, Too.

Doris, twelve years old, who lived at the Sherman Square Hotel, Seventh street and Broadway, will be buried to-day at Somerville, Mass. Doris was a bull terrier belonging to Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Pagni since puppy days, and died last night of old age after two veterinarians had tried to keep her alive.

THE PASTOR'S PINCH PLAY.

A Baseball Story by Bozeman Bulger.

The exact attitude of Aristo Atwood toward his profession of baseball was never clearly understood by his teammates. They knew, of course, that he was a preacher and never swore; that he occasionally appeared in the pulpit on Sunday while on the road, and that on week days he could knock the cover off the ball when hits were needed. They also knew that he never took part in an argument, but most of them attributed this to the fact that his voice was too well modulated. No man without a loud voice ever won an argument among ball players. The fact that Atwood didn't chew tobacco was naturally considered in keeping with his high calling.

While the players were never criticized by Aristo for making occasional slips in conversation, they liked and respected him too much to cut him out of the team. The fact that he was a preacher was a point in his favor, while in his debate on the bench. He, in turn, made it as easy as possible for them by sitting on the grass ten feet away when his presence was not needed by the manager.

Though Aristo, or "Risty," as the players called him, rarely enlightened any of his teammates on the subject of his ambition, his sole object in playing professional baseball was to make enough money to take a post-graduate course at a certain famous theological seminary. Atwood, as it were, preached to himself that he was a "horrible" before it had got two inches from the turf. Leaping to his feet he held the ball high in the air, indicating that he had caught it on the fly.

"You're out!" yelled the umpire. That retired the side and the two runs could not be counted. There was a violent protest from the Sea Gulls, but the umpire held his decision.

The Gray Sox outfielders tossed their gloves on the grass and started for the dugout. Aristo, the right fielder, edged alongside Aristo as they walked to the dugout.

"Why, you big cheater!" he said in a half whisper. "You know you didn't catch that ball on the fly. I saw it hit the ground. You got away with it. Great work, Risty!"

Aristo did not even thank Sandy, but walked on with his head down. His conscience pricked him sharply. He had acted in a very unbecoming manner. He had pulled off an old trick of the game and had forgotten his feeling against deceit.

"You don't believe in tricks, eh?" laughed one of the thoughtless young players on the bench as Risty took his customary seat on the grass.

"Let him alone," whispered the manager in alarm, but Aristo had heard the remark and it made him wince.

"Cap," he said to the manager, "did you think I caught that ball on the fly?"

"Sure," lied the manager. "The umpire saw the play all right. He knew you caught it."

"Well, I didn't do anything of the kind," said Aristo emphatically. "I acted the part of a liar, and I'm going to rectify it. It hurts me to think that I would be guilty of such a trick."

"You mean you don't want to be a player?" asked several of the players.

"I'm going out there and tell the truth. Then my conscience will be at ease."

"You had better not if you don't want to get put out of the game," advised the manager.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the umpire will 'can' you sure. He will think that you are trying to show him up. He believes he made the right decision and if you told him otherwise he would be sure to get angry. He called the play wrong. Say you own feelings if you want to but never show up an umpire."

The umpire behind the plate heard part of this conversation and turned around with a stern gaze that he decided to postpone his confession. After the game, though, he went to the worthy official and told him the truth.

"Well, what did you hold up the ball for?" asked the umpire, who was plainly irritated over having been fooled.

"If I had been waiting for a decision," replied Aristo.

"Outside with that stuff," snarled the umpire. "What's the use of trying to lie about it? You mean you don't want to be a player?"

Aristo turned away without replying. He was thoroughly disgusted. For trying to do the right thing and clear up a misunderstanding with one of the umpires, he had been insulted and called a liar. He decided to go home and think over the matter.

"Don't worry about a little thing like that," advised his friend O'Toole as they walked to the hotel that night. "He made a decision against you pretty soon that was wrong and that will put you even."

"Yes, but that won't clear my conscience," insisted Aristo.

"To hell with your conscience," snorted O'Toole. "This ain't no Con-

novelty had worn off, his mind began to get back to his one purpose in life. He wanted to do something big and in baseball he was beginning to see a working basis. The chance came in the middle of an exciting game played in June.

The Sea Gulls, the main contenders for the pennant, had been battling the Gray Sox pitch hard and it looked as if it were only a question of time when they would drive him from the mound.

In the last half of the seventh they got runners as far as second and third with two out when Risty Seaton, the next batter, smashed a line drive straight over second.

As the game was being played on the Sea Gulls' ground, there was a roar of joy from the grand-stand and the players. It looked impossible for Aristo Atwood to catch this scintillating smash, but he started for the ball with the spring of a deer. For a moment his thoughts of uplifting the game were forgotten. He was now in the grip of baseball and he made up his mind to get that ball if every muscle in his body had to be torn out by the roots.

He was six feet away when he saw that the ball would strike the ground. He dove forward as if shot from a catapult and stretched his full length on the grass. The ball did strike the ground and was a clean hit, though nobody was sure of it but Aristo. With his hands on the ground he "trapped" the "horrible" before it had got two inches from the turf. Leaping to his feet he held the ball high in the air, indicating that he had caught it on the fly.

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Tiniest Deer Ever Known Is Added to the Collection at Bronx Zoo

Stranger from India, Not Much
Larger than a Kitten, Will
Have Glass Home.

A tiny mouse-deer, not much larger than a kitten, arrived at the Bronx Zoo yesterday and was housed as one of the rarest specimens ever brought into that vast animal enclosure.

When Curator Raymond L. Ditmars lifted the little creature out of the miniature cage the deer lay comfortably across one palm. He is only eight and three-quarter inches high and weighs three pounds and twelve ounces. This is the first time this rare species of deer has been exhibited in this country. The mouse-deer is a true member of the deer family. To science he is tragically small. Chevrolet is his name among the natives of India.

The mouse-deer has a peculiar way of walking in a mincing manner on the extreme tips of his hoofs, which gives the impression that he is still-legged. These creatures are very shy. They never venture into open spaces but

science league. You can't play console against them, that's all, go home. The only thing I can see for you to do is just to forget this and when you get to preaching regular you can use it for a sermon. Then you can get away with an umpire and everybody and have no comeback.

"I'll remember it," said Aristo, and the incident was allowed to drop. But Aristo made up his mind that very night that he would in the future take the first opportunity to show the baseball players and the public that he was honest. He would give them an example even at the loss of a close game.

At heart, though, he hoped that such an occasion would not arise until after the Gray Sox had won the flag. "If the big moment does arrive," he confided to O'Toole, "I'll be prepared to meet it. If necessary, I will be a martyr to the cause of justice and fair play."

"All right," said O'Toole. "But I hope we won't need to pull any tricks." It was late in September when the "Big Moment" arrived. The season was drawing to a close and the Gray Sox had not won the pennant. The Sea Gulls had been fighting them every inch of the way for a month. The games were drawing immense crowds and the climax was to come when these two teams met in the last series.

These important games were played on the home ground of the Gray Sox and each team had won a victory, leaving the third to decide the series and probably the pennant.

The players were in a highly nervous condition, and every play was made as carefully as if the future of the nation depended thereon. It did so far as they were concerned.

The Gray Sox got two men on base in the seventh and Aristo had sent them home with a two-base hit. This gave the home team a lead of one run, and it looked as if they were going to win.

On account of the time taken up by the pitchers it was nearly dark when the ninth inning came around. The best batters of the Sea Gulls were now on base and with one run needed to tie the score the excitement was intense.

As the Gray Sox went out to the field Sandy Wilson, the right fielder, stopped and talked with the manager.

"Say, Cap," he whispered, "I'm going to play this safe and plant a ball in that tall grass out there."

"What's the idea?" was asked.

"One of them fellows is likely to lam a drive between me and Risty, and if he does we may lose this ball game. I'm going to hide this ball in the grass and if a hit is made through there I'll make a bluff at going for the long drive and will dive into the grass and come up with the planted ball. It's getting so dark that they can't see what is coming off, and besides that they won't be able to see the real ball after it starts rolling on account of the grass being so tall."

"I got you," nodded the manager. "But you'd better not put Risty on or he might tip it off."

"No he won't," declared Sandy. He's got a lot on his conscience stuff, but he ain't no sneak."

Just the same Sandy didn't tell Aristo and thought nobody saw him as he stealthily hid the extra ball in the grass between right and center field.

The Gray Sox pitcher got a little wild and gave the first man a base on balls. The next man forced him out at second, however, and that made one runner on base with one out. The third batter beat out a fake hit to the infield and there was trouble.

Bill Snyder, the crack hitter of the Sea Gulls, was up next, and he was a hot hitter. His first swing was a right fielder's hit and Sandy Wilson con-



MOUSE DEER
(8 3/4 INCHES HIGH)

Keep in the densest portions of the jungle. The specimen at the Zoo is the gift of M. Taylor Pyne, who got him from a Hindu. The deer is almost pure white save for a slight reddish tinge to a line of hair along the spine. He has no antlers, but two sharp tusks grow from the upper jaw and hang below the under lip.

Mr. Ditmars is having a glass cage made and the newcomer will be placed on exhibition in the monkey house within a day or two. The slightest touch of cold may mean death to the visitor from India.

gratulated himself on having planted the ball where he did.

The pitcher began to delay the game as much as possible so that he would have the darkness to aid him in fooling the batters. This brought a storm of protest from the Sea Gulls.

"Make them play ball," they shouted at the umpire. "They are trying to pull something on you."

Snyder finally got a good one squarely over the middle and met it with a resounding smack. Like a shot the ball whistled past the second baseman and started for the fence between right and center. The ball was hit so hard that Sandy Wilson swore it was burning the grass. There was no chance of stopping this drive, and both runners made a dash for the plate. It happened that Snyder's drive passed directly over the spot where Sandy had planted the extra ball. His calculations had worked out perfectly. Like a jack-rabbit, he started for the tall grass. It was almost up with it when he reached the spot of the plant. Then, with a Big Moment arrived. The season was drawing to a close and the Gray Sox had not won the pennant. The Sea Gulls had been fighting them every inch of the way for a month. The games were drawing immense crowds and the climax was to come when these two teams met in the last series.

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